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SKETCHES
OF
POETRY,

BY
MARY HERON,

OF
DURHAM.

NEWCASTLE:

PRINTED for the AUTHOR;

SOLD by T. SAINT.

MDCCLXXXVII

ASKETCHES

T. O. E. T. R. V.

ET

M. A. R. Y. H. R. O. N.

93

D. U. R. H. M.



PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR

JOHN W. BARNES

MDCCCXXIV

To the PUBLIC.

IN an age when literature is arrived at such a pitch of perfection, I doubt not, but many will censure me for presumption, in exposing my little productions to the critical world. Conscious of my own deficiency, I should never have hazarded the bold attempt, had not the united entreaties of many anxious friends, and the approbation and encouragement of some poetical judges, triumphed over my natural diffidence, and induced me to throw myself on the mercy of the *Public*.

Compared with the writings of a Pope, a Thomson, or a Rowe *of my own sex*, I am extremely sensible how defective, rough, and unpolished, the following sheets must appear; but, I hope, the candid reader will consider my youth, my inexperience, and confined education, and suffer them to plead in my behalf.

I will not endeavour to palliate my faults, or throw a veil over my errors, but only offer this as my apology, "That whatever reception these pages may meet with, they can, at least, boast the merit of being *well meant*."

I cannot omit this opportunity of returning my warmest thanks, as the tribute of gratitude, to my generous friends in particular, and my subscribers in general, for their kind assistance and support;

And am,

Their much obliged,

And devoted humble servant,

M. HERON.

To the Hon. J. H. C.

I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 10th inst. in relation to the matter of the 1st inst. and in reply to inform you that the same has been forwarded to the proper authorities for their consideration.

It is also to be noted that the same has been forwarded to the proper authorities for their consideration.

I will not attempt to follow my track or know what can be done, but only state that the matter is being considered.

I cannot give any definite answer at this time, but will endeavor to give you a satisfactory answer as soon as possible.

Very truly,
Yours,
J. H. C.

M. H. L. O. M.

SKETCHES, &c.

To a YOUNG LADY *in* FRANCE,

ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

ON Gallia's plains, where sways proud Bourbon's race,
From Durham, once thy fav'rite native place,
Deign to accept this humble, artless lay,
Design'd to hail you on your natal day.
With gloomy aspect, here, that day returns ;
An anxious mother, here, your absence mourns ;
From her swollen eyes maternal torrents roll,
And thus, in plaintive tone, she pours her soul :
" This joyful day, which gave my Marg'ret birth,
" No longer smiles with joy and festive mirth ;
" But now, far other thoughts my mind employ,
" Fond cares disturb my peace, and banish joy ;
" Far from her anxious friends, and native home,
" In foreign climes my child is gone to roam :
" 'Tis this, which melts my throbbing heart in woe ;
" And this the source, from whence my sorrows flow."

A

Return,

Return, sweet maid, to Britain's isle return,
 Nor longer let this tender mother mourn ;
 Dissolv'd in joy, she'll clasp you to her breast !
 Your sensibility can feel the rest.

Return, sweet maid, to Britain's isle return,
 And then, poor Flora * too shall cease to mourn ;
 Nor mournful looks, nor moving gestures shew,
 The dumb pathetic eloquence of woe.

Ah ! what temptation can induce your stay,
 Where tyranny exerts despotic sway ;
 Where sordid slavery drags her galling chain,
 And bigotry and superstition reign ;
 Where gross idolatry must give offence,
 To sober decency and common sense ;
 Where beads and crosses constitute the saint,
 And beauty wears the horrid mask of paint.
 Where'er you go, the sprightly crowd among
 Smart beaux, and petit maitres, round you throng,
 Fops, proud, presuming, arrogant, and vain,
 An insignificant, conceited train !

Just taught to dance, to fence, and dress their hair,
 And load with fawning compliments the fair.
 Such the important business of each day ;
 And such the mighty talents they display.
 Can you, fair maid, their borrow'd wit sustain,
 And not repel them with a just disdain ?
 I see your gen'rous soul superior rise,
 And all their tinsel'd fopperies despise.

Rise,

* Her favourite Dog, which she left in England.

Rise, in comparison, Britannia rise!
 Behold the contrast with impartial eyes!
 Here, vain embroider'd fops are disapprov'd,
 And only men of sense and merit lov'd;
 Here, liberty her sacred standard rears,
 Erect and firm, unaw'd by slavish fears;
 Here, property is every subject's claim,
 His own, his substance, not an empty name:
 Unstain'd with blood, unus'd to groans and tears,
 Religion, here, her mildest aspect wears;
 And peace and jocund plenty, hand in hand,
 Diffuse their blessings o'er the happy land!

Here, may revolving suns your birth-day crown
 With health, prosperity, and bright renown;
 Then haste, return, to bless your native shore,
 And may you never, never quit it more.

October 8th, 1784.

FANKAL ABBEY,

A P O E M.

WHERE blooming Cockan * rears her bounteous head,
 Embower'd in verdant shades of deep repose,
 And, gently murmuring o'er its rocky bed,
 The winding Wear in mild meanders flows,
 The ruins of an ancient Abbey stand,
 Destroy'd by time's inexorable hand.

Here, may the proud, licentious, young and gay,
 A most instructive, useful lesson find ;
 They tell, thus all things hasten to decay,
 Thus leave the relics of their pomp behind :
 Far more than words, the solemn fragments shew,
 The empty vanity of all below.

Where once the venerable fabric rose,
 Its mould'ring columns lie in broken heaps ;
 O'er the once marbled floor, the bramble grows,
 And, round the pillars, twining ivy creeps :
 The dusky isles, forsaken and forlorn,
 O'ergrown with moss, and shagg'd with horrid thorn.

Here,

* The SEAT of RALPH CARR, Esq;

Here, solemn silence holds her awful reign,
 Save when the flock-dove cooing thro' the grove,
 In concert with the water's fretful strain,
 In piteous accent mourns her absent love ;
 Or when nocturnal glooms obscure the skies,
 The boding raven croaks, the screech owl cries.

Then timid fancy, overcome with fear,
 Sees hideous spectres dart across the gloom ;
 Hears from the vaults loud shrieks, and groans most drear,
 And solemn voices, from the hollow tomb.
 Combining horrors chill the vital blood,
 And stop the progress of the crimson flood.

Avaunt ye airy phantoms of the brain !
 Chimera's dire ! imagination's brood !
 'Tis yours alone to haunt the guilty train,
 Whose sanguine hands are bath'd in human blood ;
 Undaunted virtue rears aloft her head,
 For conscious innocence has nought to dread.

Here once, with solemn grandeur, o'er the flood
 Its lofty spires projecting many a shade,
 Magnificent the sacred mansion stood,
 By stern and gloomy superstition sway'd ;
 Her legends, to the consecrated shrine,
 Imputing miracles and power divine.

Here, e'er the lark's shrill matin wak'd the morn,
Rous'd by th' accustom'd solemn sounding bell,
Each visionary, pensive sage forlorn,
Left the retirement of his cloyster'd cell ;
Whilst the deep organ's bold majestic found,
And vocal choir, the echoing walls rebound.

Here, by the midnight taper's glimmering light,
Th' enthusiastic pale recluses pray'd ;
Or when bright Cynthia gilded gloomy night,
Romantic, stroll'd along the moon-light glade :
Here, whilst the thoughtless world regardless slept,
Their orisons, and solemn vigils kept.

On yonder spot the sacred altar stood,
Whence fragrant columns of ascending smoke,
From incense burning to the hallow'd rood,
Mingled with vivid flames, incessant broke :
Here, tutelary saints in painting shone,
And worshipp'd martyrs stood engrav'd in stone.

But now, O pleasing thought! how chang'd the scene,
Since Reformation, with her cheering smile,
Diffus'd around her principles benign,
And banish'd superstition from our isle ;
Dispers'd the mists that veil'd our mental sight,
And plac'd religion in her native light.

As when the sun, refulgent lamp of day,
Ushers abroad his oriental light,
Phantoms and shadows fly before his ray,
And seek a shelter in the shades of night;
So Reformation, by her influence bright,
Dispels the gloom of *intellectual* light.

November 11th, 1784.



W I N T E R.

An O D E.

SEE! hoary winter reigns
Resistless, o'er the plains,
Her rigid, dismal desolation spreads :
Sol faintly lends his ray,
To light the shorten'd day,
And shily glances o'er the joyless meads ;
Then leaves our shiv'ring isle betimes,
For fairer, more engaging climes.

For

For see the fullen storm
 Each brighter scene deform ;
 In copious floods the rushing rains descend ;
 Whilst clouds exhaustless pour
 Their congregated store,
 Where'er the open'd sluices wide extend,
 With rapid force along the pavements roar,
 And still their streams unintermitted pour.

By numerous currents swell'd,
 Whose force it long repell'd,
 No bounds the raging river can contain ;
 Rushing with rapid force,
 It leaves its wonted course,
 Bursts o'er its banks, and shoots into the plains ;
 Once flowery meadows lie in oceans drown'd,
 And universal deluge spreads around.

And hark ! the angry north
 Hath sent rough boreas forth ;
 The aerial torrent, furious bursts its way,
 O'er mountains, seas, and rocks :
 All feel the dreadful shock,
 And all things yield to its impetuous sway ;
 The atmosphere is in confusion hurl'd,
 And consternation fills th' affrighted world.

The forest vex'd and tore,
 Amid the wild uproar,
 Mourns her once sturdy sons, now prostrate laid ;
 Even the stubborn oak,
 Must bend beneath the stroke,
 And almost sweep the soil it wont to shade ;
 Whilst every humbler shrub, of pliant form,
 Survives the havoc, and eludes the storm.

An awful gloom succeeds,
 Night her dominion spreads,
 In sable robes, of darkest hue, array'd ;
 No faintly glimm'ring star
 Directs its glittering car,
 With feeble beam to gild the dismal shade :
 Sure ancient chaos re-exerts his reign,
 And o'er the world usurps his sway again.

And when returning light
 Has dispossefs'd the night,
 In vain the radiant ruler of our day
 Exerts his utmost skill,
 From the cloud envelop'd hill,
 To drive the hazy, hov'ring, mists away ;
 The thick'ning vapours gain th' unequal strife,
 And hang oppressive on the springs of life.

Where is each rural scene,
The gay enamell'd green,
The firmament's once bright, unfullied blue ?
Winter, with louring clouds
Each beauteous object shrouds,
And every charm contracts a dusky hue ;
It seems impenetrable, solid gloom,
It seems design'd for languid nature's tomb.

See ! down the sadden'd sky,
Soft hov'ring fragments fly,
Anon, in broader flakes, the fleecy snow
Peaceful and calm descends,
No jarring wind contends,
But soft it falls in a continual flow ;
And still its swelling down, in constant showers,
Silent and soft through the nocturnal hours.

Behold ! when late, and shy,
Pale morning opes her eye,
Astonish'd fancy startles at the sight !
No bright reviving green
Appears to deck the scene,
But one wide boundless waste of shining white :
Nature is like some spotless vestal maid
In robes, the hue of innocence, array'd.

See !

See ! for with fix'd surprize,
Our dazzled wond'ring eyes
Again, and yet again, the scene review ;
O'er woods, and hills, and plains,
No variation reigns,
But all are of the same unfullied hue ;
Sure pitying heaven has sent this snowy veil,
The ravages of winter to conceal.

But now the storm's renew'd,
From yonder pregnant cloud,
Fierce rising blasts attend the drizzling showers ;
With complicated force,
The hail directs its course,
And nature shrinks beneath its piercing powers ;
The mingled storm obstructs the rays of light,
And seems to hasten the approach of night.

How hapless is the fate
Of him who wanders late,
Far distant from his home, and anxious friends ;
Heav'ns ! how he shrinks aghast,
Beneath the dreadful blast
Exerts his strength, and with the storm contends !
Perhaps, alas ! the next destructive sweep
May overwhelm him in the drifted heap.

He pants, he gasps for breath,
And, dreading instant death,
He longs, in vain, to view some human form;
Froze and benumb'd with cold,
He slips his feeble hold,
And down he sinks, a victim to the storm!
Propitious heaven! O hear his ardent prayer!
And snatch him at this juncture from despair!

At length the blasts subside,
The fullen clouds divide,
And leave th' expansive Ether clear to view;
The stars, with brilliant light,
Now decorate the night;
The firmament puts on its brightest blue;
The frost with penetrating influence reigns,
And binds the earth in rigid icy chains:

Nor binds the earth alone.
Its power the waters own;
The flowing stream is stopt in its career;
The ice incrusts it o'er,
And joins each distant shore;
For now its strength the weight of man can bear.
Strange! where the crystal river lately flow'd,
Is now a firm substantial solid road.

See!

See! every face is pale,
Pierc'd by the nipping gale,
Even blooming cheeks contract a gelid hue;
Nay beauty's fairest flower
Can not resist its power,
And lips, once coral, now are chang'd to blue :
Then how must feeble, weak, decrepid age,
Shrink from the blast, and droop beneath its rage.

But why should we complain?
How mild's our winter's reign,
If we compare it with the frigid zone;
Where, robb'd of useful light,
One half their year is night,
And winter's most tremendous horrors frown!
Or where eternal seas of ice controul
The unknown regions of the arctic pole.

And see! Sol's genial beams
Begin to melt the streams,
A thousand various op'nings spot the hills;
The trees disperse abroad
Their hoary cumbious load,
And universal thaw the prospect fills:
Unwilling nature drops her lucid veil,
Anxious her desolation to conceal.

And great her cause to mourn—
 Dejected and forlorn,
 Like some sad widow of her all bereft ;
 For o'er the desert plain
 Wide spreading horrors reign,
 No verdant traces of her charms are left :
 The frowning heav'ns their deepest fables wear,
 And dreary winter has subdued the year.

Such is the life of man,
 Contracted to a span,
 His flowing spring, his short-liv'd summer's strength ;
 The next succeeding stage
 Is autumn's sickly age,
 Which, like the rest, is but of transient length :
 Nor human help th' impending storm can screen,
 But pale concluding winter shuts the scene.

Ye mortals then attend :
 Chuse virtue for your friend ;
 For when the boist'rous storms of life are o'er,
 She will the soul convey
 To realms of endless day ;
 And when sin, death, and time shall be no more,
 Then shall ye rise triumphant from the tomb,
 To dwell where one eternal spring shall bloom.

February 5th, 1784.

S U M M E R,

An O D E.

NOW gloomy winter's fled—
Advancing in its stead,
See! summer comes with gay refulgent mein;
Her radiant smiles dispense
Delight to every sense,
Chear ev'ry heart, and brighten every scene:
Unnumber'd herbs, and fruits, and flowers appear,
And vast profusion fills the rising year.

But first the fragrant spring,
With odoriferous wing,
Balmy perfumes has wafted thro' the grove;
The tuneful feather'd throng,
In soft melodious song,
Revive their fond harmonious notes of love;
In melting strains their warbling skill display,
To hail th' approach of nature's holiday.

And

And now the unwearied sun
 His annual race has run,
 With eager toil to Cancer's sultry sign ;
 And vertical his beams,
 O'er meadows, rocks, and streams,
 Mountains and vales, with scorching influence shine ;
 The flocks and herds to woods and groves retreat,
 To screen them from his fierce meridian heat.

Leaning on his crook,
 By the murmuring brook,
 Amid the close recesses of the grove,
 Damon mourns forlorn,
 Cruel Daphne's scorn :
 More fierce than blazing noon is helpless love !
 Poor faithful Tray attends the pensive swain,
 Pants with the heat, and shares his master's pain.

See ! the busy bees,
 Now buzzing thro' the trees,
 Now sipping balmy sweets from every flower ;
 Their pleasing task still ply
 Each with laden thigh,
 Incessant toiling thro' the noon-tide hour :
 Pattern of chearful industry to man,
 Who need not blush t' adopt the insect's plan.

Behold yon damask rose,
Whose blushing leaves disclose
A scent more fragrant than Arabia's gale!
Drooping its withered head,
Its lovely tints are fled,
Yet, unimpair'd, its sweets perfume the vale:
Emblem, ye fair, of virtue's lasting power,
Surviving beauty's transient fading flower.

Where yon gloomy wood,
Hanging o'er the flood,
With umbrage brown diffuses pleasing dread,
Thither let me fly,
Conceal'd from every eye,
Its roaming boughs united o'er my head;
There sit secure from Sol's meridian beam,
Lull'd by the murmurs of the flowing stream.

Urania! then, inspire,
With true poetic fire,
This ardent soul that pants for noble themes;
In this romantic shade,
Descend thou heavenly maid,
My fancy prompt in visionary dreams;
Bid every thought with warmth and fervour glow,
And every line with moving softness flow.

Here, once, alarming thought,
With superstition fraught,
Th'enthusiastic Druids liv'd retir'd ;
Their fabled gods t'invoke,
Beneath the spreading oak,
Amid these sympathetic glooms inspir'd ;
And here, perhaps, a thousand years ago,
With mystic rites ador'd their misletoe.

In those rude barbarous times,
Replete with horrid crimes,
Torn with intestine wounds, Britannia bled ;
But Time, with lenient hand,
Has heal'd the favour'd land,
And wav'd the peaceful olive o'er her head :
Yet Albion's sons their native fire disclose,
And pour their vengeance on their *Country's* foes.

Excursive fancy roam,
Quit thy native home,
Take to distant climes thy soaring flight ;
Behold the Indian toil,
Amid the burning foil,
Which hurl'd by sultry winds obstructs his fight ;
See overwhelming hurricanes arise,
And learn thy happy native land to prize.

See the speckled snake
Dart from out the brake,
And on the helpless trembling traveller seize;
Expos'd both day and night
To terror and affright,
Ah! who would wish to live in climes like these:
Then blest the kind indulgent hand of fate,
That plac'd thee in a safer happier state.

But see yon pregnant cloud
The sun's refulgence shroud,
And copious pour its liquid store of rain;
The soft descending shower
Revives each fainting flower,
Refreshing moisture cheers the thirsty plain;
Again, emerging, see the orb of light,
With soften'd lustre more benignly bright.

From yon rising ground,
Opening all around,
The pleasing prospect rushes on the sight,
Liberal nature pours
Her still exhaustless stores,
To swell the human bosom with delight:
The heart beats high in gratitude to heaven,
For the munificent profusion given.

See the harmless lambs
 Frisking by their dams ;
 Sportive and innocent they bleat and play,
 Hark ! with mellow note
 The blackbird strains his throat,
 A vocal concert bursts from every spray ;
 And far resounding thro' the distant vale,
 Sweet Philomela tells her plaintive tale.

Jocund rustics see
 With mirth and merry glee,
 Tumbling the fragrant wreaths of new-mown hay ;
 What joy the prospect yields,
 Of yonder neighbouring fields,
 Beneath the setting sun's resplendent ray ?
 There, waving ranks of yellow grain impart
 Joy inexpressive to the farmer's heart.

How beauteous the sight,
 Inspiring fond delight,
 Of th' encircled orchard's plenteous view ?
 Æolus ! softly blow,
 Spare each tender bough,
 Laden with fruit of every taste and hue,
 Till bounteous autumn freely from her hoard
 Crowns with variety the smiling board.

See evening now advance
O'er all the blue expanse,
Inimitable colours scatter'd lie ;
Carnation, purple, green,
With various hues are seen,
And burnish'd gold adorns the western sky ;
The clouds like alabaster rocks appear,
And pile on pile a lofty fabric rear,

Hail universal Lord,
Whose mighty sovereign word
Gave the progressive rolling seasons birth ;
Who feels for all that lives,
And ever bounteous gives
Prolific plenty from the teeming earth ;
Teach me to prize thy blessings as I ought,
And dedicate to *Thee* the springs of thought.

May 25th, 1785.

The EVER-GREEN.

SEE, when refulgent summer reigns,
 What various flow'rs delight our eyes,
 With fragrance fill the verdant plains,
 And smile beneath indulgent skies:

The tulip gay, the blushing rose,
 The cowslip, primrose, violet blue,
 And thousands more their sweets disclose,
 Of every scent and every hue.

But, transient as the sunny gleam,
 They quickly wither, droop and die,
 And, on the borders of the stream,
 In tarnish'd heaps of ruin lie.

But see yon fragrant myrtle rise,
 With foliage of unfading green,
 Scorning to shrink from frowning skies,
 'Tis permanent thro' every scene.

When winter desolates the plain,
 And angry Boreas rudely blows,
 Its vivid hue it still retains,
 And glows amidst descending snows.

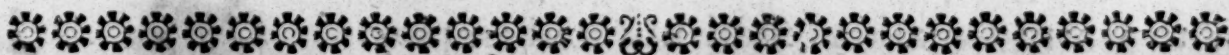
Thus radiant virtue rears her head,
 From every threatening storm, a screen,
 When beauty, youth, and wit are fled,
 An undecaying ever-green.

May 6th, 1785.

On

On the MARRIAGE of Captain K——ll.

A VIRGIN pen would fain its homage pay,
 And hail, with rapture, K——ll's nuptial day;
 Tho' far unequal to the great design,
 The pleasing theme ennobles every line;
 And tho' no moving strains of rhetoric flow,
 An honest warmth shall here conspicuous glow.
 The naval *Hero*, long inur'd to arms,
 From hair-breadth 'scapes, and terrible alarms,
 Now takes the pleasing task of beauty's guard,
 That beauty meant his valour's just reward:
 O grant, indulgent heaven! the muse's pray'r,
 And crown with bliss this amiable pair;
 Thy best, thy choicest blessings on them pour,
 And mark with health and joy each fleeting hour;
 And O! may each revolving year improve
 Their mutual friendship, and connubial love.



ADDRESS to SENSIBILITY.

O SENSIBILITY! luxurious woe,
 Whose tears in streams of gen'rous pity flow;
 Whose soft pathetic anguish can impart
 A melancholy pleasure to the heart,

Descend

Descend from heaven, thou painful, pleasant guest,
 And fix thy habitation in my breast,
 There flow redundant, there spontaneous roll,
 With social feelings quite absorb my soul:
 Indifference ne'er thy transports shall erase,
 A *female softness*, is a female's praise;
 E'en beauty ne'er so exquisite appears,
 As through a flood of sympathizing tears.
 When meagre poverty, with want oppress'd,
 O'ercome with grief, and every way distress'd,
 Heaves the big sigh, abandon'd to despair,
 O then, my soul, those throbbing sorrows share,
 And from the little pittance fate has lent,
 Thy mite contribute to restore content.
 When some sad mourner, like the plaintive dove,
 Repeats the piteous tale of hopeless love,
 Then shall my breast the quick'ning impulse feel,
 More sharp and poignant than the pointed steel;
 With every varied note of woe comply,
 Drop tear for tear, and echo sigh for sigh;
 Nor social grief alone, but social joy,
 With warm sensations shall my soul employ.
 This soul by sympathy so gentle grown,
 Shall make all human happiness its own:
 With sorrow's children ever be distress'd,
 And with the blest *superlatively* blest.

May 18th, 1785.

10 JUN 88

On

